

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

1948

All matters relative to your room and board, mail, and any charges you may incur (apart from the regular bill for tuition, board and room) should be referred to the INN DESK.

For details regarding the management of the School, please make inquiry at the DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. All matters pertaining to your initial registration and payment of bills, information about courses, lectures, and graduate credit should be referred to the SECRETARY'S OFFICE. Director R. L. Cook and Miss Lillian Becker, Secretary, are the staff to whom you should bring your requests for information about details of the School.

REGISTRATION PROCEDURE

Students should obtain confirmation of their courses from the Secretary's Office as soon after arrival at Bread Loaf as possible. Students who have not completed registration of courses in advance must personally consult with the Director. Appointments may be made with Miss Becker. Students should make a copy for themselves of their class schedules.

A recorder will be in the Blue Parlor on June 30. Registration is not completed until a registration card and a "notify in case of accident" card have been returned to the recorder. Please be sure to fill in the registration card on both sides.

A representative of the College Treasurer's Office will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 30. It is requested that all bills which have not been paid be attended to at this time. Receipts for bills paid in advance may be obtained from the Treasurer at this time.

Please keep in mind the fact that if you wish to change your status from that of a non-credit student to that of a credit student or vice versa in any course, this change must be made on or before July 2. All changes in courses must be made with the approval of the Director. For a change from one course to another, after June 30, a charge of one dollar will be made. All persons desiring to visit classes in which they are not enrolled must also obtain permission from the Director.

MAIL SCHEDULE

Outgoing mail must be posted not later than 8:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. Mail will be ready for distribution at the following hours: 10:00 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

MEAL HOURS

In a day or two the regular seating plan will go into effect. There will be one seating. Please consult the chart on the dining room door to ascertain your table assignments.

Daily

Breakfast 7:30-8:00 A.M.
Luncheon 12:45-1:00 P.M.
Dinner 6:00-6:15 P.M.

Sunday

Breakfast 8:00-8:30 A.M.
Dinner 1:00-1:30 P.M.
Supper 6:00-6:30 P.M.

Since most of the waiters and waitresses are students, it is urgently requested that all students come to meals promptly, especially to breakfast, so that those who are waiting on table may be able to reach their classes on time. In the morning the door will be closed at 8:00. No students may be served breakfast after that time. Please do not ask the head waitress to make exceptions to this regulation. She has no authority to do so.

SUPPLIES

Stationery, notebook paper, pencils, ink, post cards, cigarettes, etc., may be purchased at the Bookstore. It is impossible for credit to be extended, so please do not ask for it.

BOOKSTORE

It is urgently requested that students purchase their texts immediately because it is frequently necessary for us to order additional copies. It is impossible to allow students to maintain charge accounts at the Bookstore, and we hope that students will cooperate by not asking for any favors of this kind. The hours when the Bookstore will be open will be announced soon.

BREAD LOAF PARKING REGULATIONS

A preliminary notice concerning parking has been made in the catalogue. New and stringently enforced state laws prohibit the parking of cars on the side of the highway, and it is requested that students and guests endeavor to keep the roads clear in front of the Inn. Students living in Maple may park their cars in the space behind the cottage; students at Tamarack on the lawn under the trees by the main road. All others should use the parking space near the Barn.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT EVENING PROGRAM

Mr. Cook will speak briefly at the first meeting of the School Wednesday night, June 30, at 8:30 in the Little Theater. An informal reception will follow at the Recreation Hall in The Barn.

RESPONSIBILITY OF BREAD LOAF AS A GRADUATE SCHOOL

June 30, 1948

R.L.Cook

At this opening of the twenty-ninth session of the Bread Loaf School of English, I extend a very warm welcome to you. For several months we have been in personal correspondence. The cordial inquiries and the kind words of Bread Loaf friends have been enheartening. The loyalty of the faculty and staff is unmeasurable in words. If there is any one reason why Bread Loaf succeeds it is because of our common interests, common concerns, common goals. Everyone rightly feels a participant in the School's activities and objectives.

We should not, however, forget that Bread Loaf, together with the other Language Schools on the main campus and in Bristol, is an integral part of Middlebury College. Middlebury College is the source of our physical and intellectual well-being, for the School of English is not and never has been self-supporting. Bread Loafers are by direct, not collateral, relationship members of Middlebury's educational community, and the friendliness which distinguishes the College community on the village campus is, as it always has been, shared by the Language Schools.

This evening I shall speak briefly on our responsibility as a graduate school in a world tragically at odds. What should be the objective of a graduate school like Bread Loaf? What are the means or methods by which this objective can be realized? Have we any right to assume that we are fulfilling this objective?

The answers to these questions appear simple, and it is true that to name one's goal on paper, indicate the possible means of realizing it, and tally the

results, are not likely to tax one unduly. The main task is realizing the objective through the method selected. The human element at every step of the way is the chief determinant of success or failure. Anyone who has read the disturbing and thoughtful book by Dr. Howard Mumford Jones entitled Education and World Tragedy, has some awareness of the failure of our educational system, especially in its higher levels, to meet the problems of our time. I shall not pretend to review Dr. Jones' book. I shall only point out a few of the problems applicable to Bread Loaf as a graduate school.

There is an effective short passage in Emerson's Journals for August, 1859, which he calls "One Wrong Step." The passage reads: "On Wachusett, I sprained my foot. It was slow to heal, and I went to the doctors. Dr. Henry Bigelow said, 'Splint and absolute rest.' Dr. Russel said, 'Rest, yea; but a splint, no.' Dr. Bartlett said, 'Neither splint nor rest, but go and walk.' Dr. Russell said, 'Pour water on the foot, but it must be warm.' Dr. Jackson said, 'Stand in a trout brook all day.'" In essence this is an analogue for education and its diagnosticians today. Sprained education surely is, and what to do about it, who knows best? Organize a core curriculum, says Harvard. Concentrate on seminars in World Problems, say many small colleges. Develop majors in American civilization, suggest nationally-minded institutions. Study a special curricula composed of the great books, insists St. John's College. Adjust to "the full meaning of the post-atomic age," enjoins Dr. Jones. Decide for yourself which prescription most closely resembles the advice of Dr. Jackson, to stand in a trout brook all day. Perhaps each of them has an element of Dr. Jackson's spartan solution for sprains.

Dr. Jones, however, thinks the plight is considerably worse than a sprained foot. It is more like a 'strep' infection. Accordingly he summarizes the rela-

tionship between education and world tragedy in the following passage.

"War, technology in preparation for war, and nationalism--these are, then, three great forces warping the healthy development of education in what we quaintly call the civilized world. (Western man has preoccupied himself with war as a continuing occupation, with the technology necessary for the waging of his complicated wars and with the nationalisms which are at once the cause and the consequence of the holocausts he makes. p. 79) The problems they raise are deeper and darker than those polite fictions discussed in most educational meetings, especially at the college level. In truth, one sometimes fears that our concern for the nature of education, notably at higher levels, seldom rises above the plane of the genteel tradition. Certain it is, however, that an uneasy sense of something wrong, of some radical error, haunts our schools and colleges, troubles philosophers, and leads even the common man to endless speculation about the future of his own civilization. The sense that western culture is wildly astray, western civilization in its decline, is everywhere about us as men turn once again to examine the fundamentals of what they believe."

After we have had a moment to contemplate this provocative passage, we shall turn to several more illuminating passages so that the true nature of our responsibility will show more clearly. It is evident that the business of the world today is war. Nor is it likely that we shall be able to dodge war's imminence. What, then, is our special problem. Is it to prepare ourselves as soldiers of democracy? Is it to prepare ourselves for the peace that should follow the warring of nations? Or is it to ignore the signs and portents and cultivate the amenities of a great past?

Dr. Jones, in another frontal attack, declares that "despite all our fine talk about 'training for leadership' in American colleges, we do not train for leadership." "Our schools," he asserts, "mainly reflect the interests of dominant groups in our society, they do not direct these interests. They are, in other words, what schools usually are, instruments of social conservation rather than dynamos of social change." I don't for a moment think that Dr. Jones doubts the service of a graduate school as an instrument of social conservation, but he

regards it as a passive function. The question is how can graduate schools train for leadership? How can Bread Loafers direct rather than reflect "the interests of dominant groups"? How can we, if we are agreed that it is our responsibility, serve as "dynamoes of social change"? Will we serve dynamically only by reaffirming past values? In view of the potentiality for destruction in nuclear energy, Dr. Jones thinks "a return upon dead sages will not quite do." He says flatly: "What we need is an educational program that will face the present with courage and interest." He sees the academic return upon the past through (a) "a demand for unity of dogma," or through (b) "a demand for tradition" as part of the "thirst for security which is a mark of our frightened age." The turning backward to tradition and the exaltation of the unity of dogma are manifestations of a search for intellectual security, just as the search for economic security is patent in the attempt of governments to cope with the problems of unemployment, want, old age, sickness and accident.

Dr. Jones thinks we do not want to face the problem which we have created. When he looks about him apparently he finds many institutions where the curricula is insulated from actuality, where the reality of human experience with its concomitant problems is alien to the academic atmosphere. "The academic mind," he says, "is always pretending that 'real life' fails in proportion as it does not mirror academic order." He believes staunchly and says emphatically that science and the arts exist "for the sake of a curriculum relevant to the needs of a society supporting the college." Here we come closer to our problem--the relationship of the graduate school to the society whose needs it should serve. The knowledge that we now need must be the kind that will enable us "to survive in a competitive civilization." Consequently, he argues, our training must focus its attention upon

the world "as it is, not the world as it has been." He continues: "If education is to prevent or check the corrosion eating into western culture, it must pass beyond western culture to view dispassionately and to consider the fate of mankind as a whole, over the surface of the entire globe. If education is to be effective in this respect, its teachers must be trained for that purpose, not for an opposite and contradictory one."

I think Dr. Jones' remarks are more sobering and applicable than they were when first spoken two years ago. The situation in the world today is hardly brighter, and I do not really see much point in telling people to buck up that it isn't as bad as it might be. I don't think it is courage any of us needs in the face of desperate dilemmas, but a more sensitive awareness, a greater sense of responsibility, and more intelligent humane faith. Dr. Jones talks sense. He faces us in every page, discussing man-to-man the plight of higher education. He is like Samuel addressing the Hebrew tribesmen. "Now therefore stand still that I may reason with you," he seems to be saying.

Well, what is needed? Certainly we should define the aim and content of the M.A. degree. This I shall attempt, always keeping in mind, first the fact that these remarks are tentative, secondly, that Bread Loaf tries to satisfy the needs of other students than M.A. degree-seekers, and finally that I am speaking about this School and not any other. It is the responsibility of Bread Loaf that searches us.

Each student who comes to Bread Loaf has his own personal need and working rhythm. He or she is with very rare exceptions a graduate student. In a minimum of time it is necessary to coordinate a personal need and working rhythm with the resources of the School. Some are here because of the writing courses; others

come for cultural background because teaching is their vocation; and some come expectantly, to renew through books and friends the subtle needs of the spirit and the intellect.

The curriculum has been organized with an eye to the satisfaction of these varying needs. Dimensionally it coordinates philology, literary history, dramatic art, the craft of writing, the art of teaching, and the explication of texts, but its primary aim is not that of a University graduate school where the Ph.D. degree is the ultimate goal. The objective at Bread Loaf is humbler but not less significant in the field of education. For those among you for whom the M.A. degree will represent the culmination of several years of effort, our objective is to quicken the spirit of literary scholarship. You will note that I do not refer to "specialists" in the field of literary scholarship. The latter cannot and should not be our concern. I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that the literary scholarship to which I refer has little to do with the antiquarian's researches or the scholar's preoccupation with textual accuracy. I don't wish to debase the mintage of scholarship. Let the universities carry on and produce these scholars to their heart's desire. This is their prerogative and within their resources.

Our objective is necessarily different. I will dare to use the much abused word 'humanistic', and I shall try to show what I mean by it as applied to the educational responsibility of Bread Loaf. Let the M.A. degree stand as the objective of most who will never go beyond it to the Ph.D., but let it be the means to an end, not the end in itself. Let the end be the expansion and enrichment of the human personality. Walt Whitman is as right now as he was when he said in "By Blue Ontario's Shore", "Produce great Persons, the rest follows." At least part of our present trouble consists in the fact that we haven't produced great persons with social vision.

Danger number one in the pursuit of the M.A. degree is the tendency to dilettantism. By dilettantism I mean a sentimental attachment to the glory of the word without understanding its meaning. Perhaps I can convey to you what I mean by citing Thoreau's abhorrence of those people whose attitude toward nature is expressed only in "a mealy-mouthed enthusiasm." True taste and true appreciation neither begin nor end with exclamatory 'Oh's!' and 'Ah's!'

The enlightened student is not given to shallow enthusiasm but seeks to catch and release the quality of the literary experience, whether in the story written on assignment or in the critical analysis of Blake's "The Tiger" or Donne's "Second Anniversary". But before the student can release the literary experience, he must know in what it consists. This is why he comes here or goes elsewhere. He is interested, as we are, in literature as an imaginative clarification of reality. Conrad expresses a sense of reality in Nostromo or Henry James in The Turn of the Screw or Frost in "Come In" or Eliot in "Ash Wednesday", and as intelligent students we seek to share it and understand it. We find that literature is not an escape from, but a summons to life. It captures us; takes us alive, but returns us to the light of common day with not one hair of our scalp harmed, our spirits immortally touched. Perhaps there are times when literature seems to the reader and the writer, as in "The Tempest", "This is no mortal business, nor no sound that the earth own---." These moments are rare but more commonly experienced where the passion for the arts is more frequently felt. At Bread Loaf we are summoned to life by James Joyce as well as by John Milton, by Ernest Hemingway as well as by Geoffrey Chaucer, by Herman Melville as well as by William Shakespeare. Each of these writers has, after his own fashion, written a classic which is to say each has written what you can re-read without sacrificing your self-respect. Each has been

powerful enough to create his own standards and impose them with authority in the field of his effort.

To explore the literary experience in all its compulsions and refinements is an antidote to dilettantism. Here at Bread Loaf we try to equip you with those instruments of the intellect and sensibility by which you can explore the literary experience, but we cannot create use. We can only encourage it. Insight is organic and is generated by energy of the mind. Its lens is imagination by which poet, critic, student, and common reader discover levels of meaning beyond the literal, as in De Quincey's "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth" or in John Livingston Lowes' *On the Road to Xanadu*, or in many other examples.

Danger number two, at the opposite pole from dilettantism, is bibliographical and antiquarian pedantry. It is apparent that to the antiquarian the past is still Ezekiel's Valley of Dry Bones. Yet bibliographies and the study of the past are important when, in the former, they help to organize our knowledge, and when, in the latter, human experience is refracted in a clear lens. Otherwise these biographers and antiquarians are little more useful than the devotees of Erewhonian Colleges of Unreason or the projectors of Laputa. The breath of God was breathed into our spirits that we might be alive and hosts to the touch of pentecostal flame. Our responsibility is to cherish the spirit that breathed life into the dry bones. Our business as human beings is to feel acutely and respond with avidity to the wonder that is the growing tip of experience.

I don't know how much closer we are to meeting Dr. Jones' challenge. When he says, "One of the deepest needs in American education is to re-think the problem of the graduate school," we are at least suggesting something more than Amen! We have suggested that there are two obstacles to true literary scholarship,

and we have agreed with Dr. Jones that social vision is necessary. Moreover, we have implied that one way of injecting the social vision into a student is by the humanistic approach. I shall close then by indicating in what the humanistic approach consists and how potentially it can be realized here at Bread Loaf.

If we are to do our part as enlightened individuals in a time of world tragedy, we must do even more than we have in the past in equipping ourselves to be a part of the world. There is still as much danger from educational "irresponsibles" as there was of intellectual irresponsibility when MacLeish issued his fiery accusations in 1940. To counteract any tendency toward the irresponsibility which dissociates and insulates man from the world around him, let us tap the resources of our usable past. Emerson was troubled in his day because it took the whole society "to find the whole man." Man had once been his own butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, but in the 1830's Emerson looked vainly for anyone who compounded these skills. Man had become "divided". He was priest or soldier or engineer or statesman or farmer or scholar. No one this side of the eighteenth century combined all or most of these vocational aspects in himself. What was man to do? Certainly it would avail nothing to sit down and contemplate in great sadness the advent of the specialized cell in an increasingly complex organism.

Since Emerson is no back-tracker, he doesn't bemoan the fact that we are no longer Goethes and Jeffersons. What he does suggest is, (1) that we should become fully aware of the implications involved in this dominant change, and (2) he suggests a way by which we can bridge the gap between what we do and the other man's activity. It is an interesting sidelight of Emerson's individualism that it is social in its end as it is individualistic in its means. Consequently, he

proposed the concept of Man Thinking--an emancipating and ennobling one--as the way out.

Man Thinking is not to be confused with "mere thinker" and he is even further removed from "the parrot of other men's thinking." A thinker is to be preferred to a non-thinker, but, in comparison with Man Thinking, "a mere thinker" is both impercipient and static. He is the receiver, the acceptor. Man Thinking is the percipient individual, the exercise of whose insight enables him to comprehend the relationship of the part to the whole, of the engineer to the business man, of education to politics, of literature to life, of man to God. Moreover, he is dynamic and succeeds in putting his thought into action. What a difference there is between the farmer who resembles the vegetables in his garden and Man Farming who assumes his responsibilities as a practising citizen of the world! There is just as much difference between the teacher and Man Teaching. Emerson saw how "the priest becomes a form; the attorney a statue-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship." We might add, and the teacher becomes a lecture, the student becomes a notebook, and an M.A. degree becomes thirty credits. Let us be done with educational hustling and cultural huckstering. This is at least the main obstacle in realizing Man Thinking. We all know it is. Why, then, do we tacitly or otherwise connive?

At Bread Loaf one way in which we can in no small measure serve the needs of the world community is to acknowledge and fulfill the obligations as citizens of the world of Men Thinking. We can be informed and read literature as an imaginative clarification of reality, which has no bounds, world without end.

How can this concept be realized at Bread Loaf? Not by separating ideas from things. When someone asked Dr. Whitehead, which was the more important,

ideas or things, he replied, "Why, I should imagine ideas about things." What this intelligent rejoinder means to me is the necessity of having a philosophical approach to literature. We work with things in literature, for is there any aspect of life that has no part in literature? Our ideas come from meditation. Then we begin to see the hidden relationship between things, and our metaphors draw these things together. Things are thought about only when there is time and interest. Here, comparatively-speaking, there are both. One of the high spots in the large administrative correspondence this year was a letter from a student who wrote that in his college books were studied but he had heard that at Bread Loaf students lived their literature. If we had a witness tree here I would like to think that Bread Loaf had earned the right to cut in its bark: 'Here literature is not studied, it is lived.' It might be worth all the human effort and cost in money to have had a school which kept faith with this educational ideal.

But what does it mean to live one's literature? It means taking the poet's attitude toward life. Once Max Eastman characterized the poet's way as not by a conscious movement toward an end such as we ascribe to practical persons, but by being concerned primarily with the mood of realization in which action is suspended and during which the quality of an experience is absorbed. When Dorothy Wordsworth looked at the birch tree it was not what she saw but what she felt about what she saw in which the poetic experience inhered. "The sun shone upon it (the birch tree), she said, "and it gleamed in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water." It was not the red anemones that Edward Fitzgerald saw one fine morning when he stretched on a bench in the garden and read about Nero in Tacitus in which the poetic experience inhered. It was the way he felt about what he saw.

"A nightingale singing," he says, "and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off." When Thoreau waited on Fair Haven hilltop "for the sky to fall, that he might catch something," his mood was that of the poet's. He was prepared to catch the quality of an experience.

The poet's way is the way I would suggest as a counter-friction to push-button education. The poet does not meet life on the surface only but as though he stood within himself and really met it, the whole man participating in the meeting. So it is he observes, reflects, expresses. The immediacy of impact we feel in his expression is not that of surface mirroring but the result of the poet's standing within himself as in a mood of "impassioned meditation," experiencing wholly. You may not agree with Thoreau when he says, "Every man will be a poet if he can; otherwise, a philosopher or man of science. This proves the superiority of the poet." You may not, as I say, agree with this. The scientist and the philosopher will be a bit miffed but from our experience with the poets, it is true, as Herbert Read says, that they represent "a point of intensest feeling thrown out like an antenna by the social body to test the amorphous limits of existence." Such a description seems applicable to Pushkin and Chaucer, Whitman and Milton, Holderlin and Rilke, Auden and Hugo, Shelley and Emily Dickinson, Lorca and Rimbaud. But the atomic man may find poets only vestigial evidences of the age of magic.

It is just possible that in our "air-conditioned nightmare," to borrow Henry Miller's neat phrase, of sound wagons, frigidaire, free enterprise, public address systems, hangovers, and phenobarbital capsules, the poet's most effective function is as a tracer bullet to show us how far off the target we really are.

In the field of education at Bread Loaf the poet's attitude toward one's tasks would illuminate the fact that value had a reality, and the value I have in mind is the value of the literary experience. It is the object of this School to show what constitutes that experience; how it is attained, and to what end. When we have grasped the reality of value (as in the literary experience) we will then be in an advantageous position to assess and participate more intelligently in the values in reality. Otherwise schools like Bread Loaf are educational indulgences--educational objects d'art to place on the mantel place along with the bric-a-brac of Chinese boxes and Tanagara figurines and replicas of an Elgin Marble.

In our hearts and minds we know that the existence of a school like Bread Loaf is so far one of the main evidences that in spite of a commercial civilization Americans are able to create a cultural receptivity that is genuine, warm, intelligent, and perceptive. Here we propose to live our literature like poets, to avoid dilettantism and pedantry, to realize our cultural responsibilities to a world that radiates from our minds as well as from our physical doorsteps. In effect, we propose to be Men Thinking, not mere thinkers.

Seniors

1948 (12)

Beloof, Robert

Butterworth, Oliver, President

Clifford, Stella

Cook, Janet (Mrs. John Cotter)

Cruikshank, Virginia

Erickson, Anne

Finch, Florence

Fowler, Eleanor

Hobson, Frank

Smith, Mrs. Enid Severy

Vosburgh, John

Clements, Gloria Maulsby

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1948
General Statistics

ATTENDANCE ACCORDING TO STATES:

Alabama	2
California	4
Connecticut	13
Florida	2
Georgia	3
Illinois	7
Indiana	2
Iowa	1
Kansas	2
Maine	7
Maryland	2
Massachusetts	34
Minnesota	4
Mississippi	1
Missouri	1
New Hampshire	7
New Jersey	13
New York	57
Ohio	4
Oklahoma	1
Pennsylvania	29
Rhode Island	1
Tennessee	5
Texas	1
Virginia	3
Vermont	15
Washington, D.C.	3
Wisconsin	8
Cuba	4
Hawaii	1
Puerto Rico	1

Total Attendance 190

Men 74

Women 116

Old Students 66

New Students 124

Non-credit 16

8 credits 7

7 " 4

6 " 111

5 " 16

4 " 29

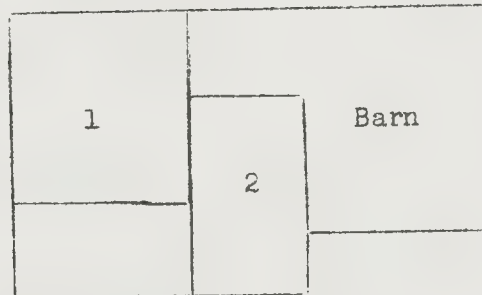
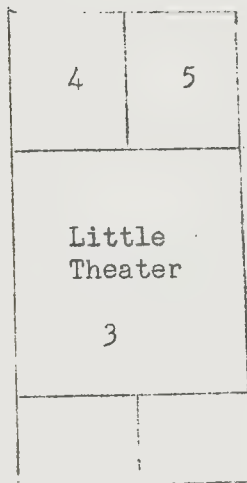
3 " 3

2 " 4

ATTENDANCE BY COURSES:

	<u>Credit</u>	<u>Non-credit</u>
5. Lit. Comp.	26	6
7a. Play Directing	21	1
9. Hist. Eng. Lang.	19	
10. Vict. Poets	22	3
11. Rom. Movement	13 (1-3cr.)	4
19. Chaucer	30	4
21. Mod. Eng. Nov.	31	11
28. Shakespeare	39	11
31. Craft of Fict.	33	8
32. Milton	23 (1-3cr.)	5
33. Age of Swift & Pope	12	5
37. Repr. Cont. Nov.	31	13
41. Mod. Am. Nov.	23	18
58. Stud. in Am. Thot	35	15
82. Vict. Prose	9	3
86. Curric. & Methods	38 (1-3cr.)	6
87. Tchg. of Lit.	22	6
88. Underst. of Poetry	35	14
96. Melville & H. Adams	17	6

1948



SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

8:30 A.M.

86	Curriculum and Methods	Mr. Zahner	Barn 1
19	Chaucer	Mr. Anderson	Barn 2
33	Age of Swift and Pope	Mr. Jensen	Little Theater 5
58	Studies in American Thought	Mr. Spiller	Little Theater 3

9:30 A.M.

87	Teaching of Literature	Mr. Zahner	Little Theater 5
31	Craft of Fiction	Mr. Beck	Little Theater 3
28	Shakespeare	Mr. Dighton	Barn 1
11	Romantic Movement in Eng. Poetry	Mr. Baker	Little Theater 4
41	Modern American Novel	Mr. Thompson	Barn 2

10:30 A.M.

88	Understanding of Poetry	Mr. Dighton	Little Theater 3
9	History of the Eng. Language	Mr. Anderson	Little Theater 5
10	Victorian Poets	Mr. Joyce	Barn 2
96	Melville and Henry Adams	Mr. Spiller	Little Theater 4
37	Representative Continental Nov.	Mr. Jensen	Barn 1

11:30 A.M.

7a	Play Directing	Mr. Volkert	Little Theater 3
5	Literary Composition	Mr. Beck	Barn 1
32	Milton	Mr. Joyce	Little Theater 5
82	Repr. Victorian Prose Writers	Mr. Baker	Little Theater 4
21	Modern English Novel	Mr. Thompson	Barn 2

George Anderson, 1st Chapel, 13 Middlebury College
1948

President Stratton, Professor Cook, Members of the Graduating Class,
the Faculty, Students, and friends of the Bread Loaf School:

I should like to begin my brief discourse this evening by quoting a few lines from the tremendous final scene of King Lear. Victorious Edmund has just ordered Cordelia and Lear to prison. Lear is speaking:

....Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them, too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon...

In pondering the beauty and pathos of these lines, surely among the most moving and universal lines in English literature, I find it almost too easy to be led away from my subject. For while these words of Lear contain the text of my little homily, I do not intend to apply this passage as a whole to the present gathering. I am not suggesting that you all go to prison. Of course, for that matter, we can take Rosencrantz literally and in bright and courageous fashion accept the fact that the whole world is indeed a prison, a God-made prison, although Man has contributed more than his appropriate share of ~~iron~~ bars, stone walls, and moats with which he has adorned the grim institution in which he languishes as a prisoner. Moreover, we are each and every one of us under sentence of death, a God-imposed sentence. But there is no need to belabor the obvious; besides, if we all thought much about such matters and let them color our actions, how would this world, this walled prison, be served?

No, there are other points in Lear's speech more appropriate to us as teachers and servers of the world, and never more so than at the present time. "So we'll live, and pray, and sing," for example. I could never give you better advice than that, whether I spoke as moralist,

esthete, or satirist, because if there is anything with which the world in general and the teacher in particular could be reproached, it would be the failure of our present age either to sing or to live. On the teacher I do not tonight enjoin prayer--it is hardly necessary to do so, for even the unthinking world seems to realize, if only subconsciously, that prayer must be a natural recourse for all men and women who must wrestle with the tough sinews of resisting youth and squirming inexperience.

As for singing and living, however, they remain the private affair of the individual, and I cannot presume to pry into such personal matters tonight. I can only hope that you, as teachers--or whatever your profession may be--can manage somehow to counterpoise what Matthew Arnold called your sense of right doing against your capacity for clear thinking and seeing things in their essence and beauty: to bring about, in other words, a fair balance between your Hebraistic and your Hellenistic impulses. For our world is at present seriously overloaded with a multitude of conflicting Hebraisms, and under this overwhelming weight of the disparate, ill-assorted cargo, the fair bark of Hellenism is in imminent danger of foundering outright.

Such a balance between right doing and clear thinking can never be achieved by spending all our time practicing either one or the other alone, even if this were possible. Rather we must practice both. We must participate in the brawl of mankind, but we must seize whatever opportunity we can find to ascend the steps of our individual Palaces of Art. To take part in the struggle is inevitable, whether or not we have the courage for it; it is forced upon us, and if we hold out for our principles it is, with all its satisfactions, anxieties, and sorrows, an exhausting conflict which can be ended only with the setting of the sun. And each one of us is in it, whether he be the triumphant standard-bearer or the passive worm waiting to be stepped upon forthwith or--like most of us--doing his best and not at all sure what all the fighting

is about.

Still, I am not interested tonight in this fight as such; we can resume that tomorrow morning and the next day. I think it more important at this moment to consider our position in the Palace of Art. From time long past the teacher, the scholar, the man of contemplative life has been accused of withdrawing himself in order to protect his head and heart from tough realities. It is too often forgotten by the thoughtless that such an individual as the teacher, the scholar, the man of contemplative life must nevertheless pay his bills and safeguard his health for the sake of his dependents and meet his social and civic obligations and support, by the dissemination of such knowledge and skill as he may possess, that vague but precious thing which we choose to call civilization or culture. "What are you doing to save civilization?" they asked the hunch-backed Don at Oxford during the First World War. "Sir," he replied, "I am that civilization which is being saved!" Yet no one in these brutal days can contribute to truly civilizing influences without a battle; and in order to rest himself momentarily from this continuum of effort, he is altogether justified in withdrawing to some intellectual or spiritual vantage-point where he can indeed laugh at gilded butterflies and tell old tales and hear poor rogues talk of court news, and talk with the winners and the losers, who's in and who's out. Every now and then the spectator's rôle is eminently fit and proper.

This spectacle of who's in and who's out is at once diverting and baffling. And so we return to the matter of the conflicting Hebraisms to which I referred a moment ago. I shall call these henceforth cults. What is a cult? Well, I suppose I can define it loosely as the manifestation of a great, even excessive devotion to some person or some idea or some thing, especially when such devotion is shaped as a kind of intellectual fad or as the enthusiasm of a body of self-appointed admirers or disciples. Cults are everywhere. There is the cult of the American Constitution,

the cult of American motherhood, the cult of Southern womanhood, the cult of minority rights, the cult of psychoanalysis, the cult of American sports--the list could be continued almost indefinitely. There have been cults among artists, writers, composers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, politicians, and scientists ever since the Devil first chuckled and said, "It's clever, but is it Art?"

Suppose we consider tonight only the cults which pertain to the arts in general and to literature and music in particular. All of us, if we stop to think about the matter, can remember our own passing enthusiasms for one writer and our more obstinate dislikes of another. Usually these shifting affections and distastes have been only the natural result of the growth of our minds--it could not be expected that A Child's Garden of Verses would continue to appeal with unrelenting force to the Man of Distinction in the advertisements--or could it? Each individual, provided he has a mind alive and acquisitive, will in his tastes and dislikes play many parts during a lifetime; and he should do so in order to fulfill himself, for the one great verity in all existence is change. Nature cannot stand still. Therefore we all execute our individual patterns, as the psychologist puts it; and wherever we may meet with that which we term the humanities, then our approval or disapproval must remain our own business. This is a cardinal fact which too many critics in the present age forget or ignore. A completely objective point of view and a scientific standard of measurement in reference to the humanities or any part thereof are alike utterly impossible; and any school of criticism which deludes itself into thinking that it can be absolutely dispassionate and strictly scientific is, as the Middle Ages said of Homer, telling lies. It may be glad and persuasive, and it may attract many followers, but its net achievement will be as futile, I am sorry to say, as the efforts of a pack of solemn Great Danes baying the moon.

This is not to deplore all schools of criticism per se. They

may serve a purpose; at times, by carefully educating the public in a background of indisputable facts, they may be very useful. Of the many standards they propose for art, many are no doubt helpful, provided they remain suggestive and are not imposed by brute force. In the hands of fair and just practitioners, particularly those who have been or are poets or prose-writers, painters or sculptors, composers or instrumentalists, however mediocre--in the hands of such as these criticism can assist many a one to understand and appreciate better a poem or a novel or a water-color or a sonata. Nevertheless, we must all beware of those critics who somehow congregate together to create a cult, "packs and sects of great ones, that ebb and flow by the moon."

Sometimes these cults are consciously formed groups whose avowed purpose is to preach the gospel according to Henry James or Amy Lowell or Thomas Stearns Eliot or Herman Melville or Gerard Manley Hopkins, to name but five at random. Sometimes, on the other hand, they comprise only those who have decided to jump on the literary bandwagon and follow the course, in fair-weather fashion, of those who are in rather than those who are out. The first kind has about it the aroma of the racketeer; the second that of the sycophant. Sometimes, on the other hand, these cults are innocently assembled by sincere souls under the banner of "the best", "the greatest". Now perhaps their saint is truly of heavenly nature; perhaps he may be compounded of celestial aether and crass clay--which is usually the case; perhaps he may be the Martin Tupper, the Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the Edgar Guest of his time, and his cult is then little more estimable than the celebrants of the Black Mass. But in all there lies some degree of danger to the true lover of literature, because while these cults are by their very nature biased, they have a way with poor deluded humanity, which is impressed by sound, fury, and pretensions. They may have a legitimate case for their enthusiasm; their saint may be truly divine. Or they may be sounding before them a trumpet to hail

the anticlimactic entry of a Gilbert, an Lord High Executioner, whom a few years will consign to limbo.

No doubt you can all match your experience with my own. But, for the record, let me recall some instances, of the many I have observed, of great ones who have both ebbed and flowed. Though not yet exactly a graybeard, still I have been around long enough to have seen some compelling and illuminating examples, from which I select only a few. When I was a small boy, dedicating my spare moments, not to comics (God save the mark!), for there were few such, unless I should mention Little Nemo, Buster Brown, Mutt and Jeff, or Percy the Mechanical Man--nor yet altogether to the movies, save perhaps to Mrs. Pike as Tess of the D'Urbervilles or James O'Neill (sire of Eugene) as the Count of Monte Cristo or The Birth of a Nation of G.M. Anderson and William S. Hart in upright Westerns--and there was no radio (for which may my mother breathe a belated sigh of gratitude!)--when I was dedicating myself to what is stuffily referred to as "juvenile fiction" (and I do not mean Louisa May Alcott or Horatio Alger), I remember an officious family friend who asked this eight-year-old boy if he had read Kim and The Jungle Books. When I said no, I was transfixed by a baleful glare. "Why, what kind of a boy are you; every real boy should read Kim before anything else!" Everybody knew that Kipling was the greatest English writer since Dickens. What she expected this eight-year-old boy--for some reason I am reminded of Fra Lippo Lippi when he first showed up at the monastery!) to make out of Mrs. Hauksbee or Ameera or George-Porgie (Kipling style), I have no idea, although, since I had spent some still earlier years in the Orient, I had even at that tender age some unpleasant recollections of certain Colonials of the British Empire. At any rate, she put my back up. "Kipling just can't be that good," was my infantile reaction. And, for that matter, he wasn't, even though he remains a superb story-teller.

That was my first experience with a literary cult, formal, informal, or otherwise, and it happened to point up a spectacular example of the ways of cultism. For when a cult has blown up an artist into almost inflationary proportions, another cult will arise to puncture him; nay even, there may be counter-reactions, perhaps, within the original cult. There was a violent Kipling cult; there came to be an equally violent anti-Kipling cult, or Kipling anti-cult--I prefer the latter term. In fact, so I am informed, many of the original adherents of the Kipling cult who happened to be Masons were offended by what they considered the revelation of Masonic arcana in the later Kipling stories (as in Debts and Credits) and so repudiated him. Not being a Mason, I know now why those later Kipling stories were, and are, virtually impossible for me to understand. The position of Kipling in 1900 is in most astonishing contrast to the position of Kipling one generation later, say in 1930. One almost never heard of him in 1930, save as the recluse of Burwash; his death a few years later caused scarcely a ripple. The attitude of my students toward this man who remains most deservedly a master of a particular type of fiction is well summed up by a bored undergraduate of the 1930's who observed in languid condescension, after reading some Kipling stories; "I suppose it was that kind of thing that brought on the War." (He was speaking of the First World War, without the inestimable benefit of the years from 1939 to 1945). Now, in these last few years, we discover stirrings in the corpse. One or two critics, whom I shall not name (though no doubt their sayings will be by-words to our grandchildren), have picked up Kipling's fallen torch and are now waving it aloft in tentative fashion; not, however, unlike small boys caught stealing the crackers and cheese.

When, in my junior year at college, I stepped down from the heights of Academe to elect a course in American Literature, which at that time amounted practically to slumming, I never once heard mention of the

name of Herman Melville. When, a few years later, Moby Dick became a must and eventually ascended into the Valhalla of Hollywood, and John Barrymore tore into the rôle of Captain Ahab with murderous paws, I ventured to look up Melville's obituary in a New York paper under the date of September 29, 1891, and found there a half-inch notice about the passing of Herman Melville, "...a former writer of sea-stories." Now Melville is a so-called master of American Literature, though frankly I find him often intolerably stilted, and so bids fair to remain.

In fact, it seemed to be my lot in college never to have heard of new and famous men. I must truly have been kissed by the Dark Ages. I never then heard of Gerard Manley Hopkins or the later poems of William Butler Yeats, chiefly because Yeats was barely beginning to be later and obviously because we did not see Robert Bridges's edition of Hopkins until late in the winter of 1918, in the middle of my junior year. It took some time for the Hopkins poems to be properly inflated, of course; indeed, it was not until the 1930's that his cult became really efficient; but once its gears began to mesh, the Hopkins cult developed into perhaps the most overbearing of the many which tormented the uninited before the Second World War. For here was "the greatest English-speaking poet of the nineteenth century." Hide yourselves, you over-rated Tennyson, Browning, and Whitman; and you two, you insufferable Arnold and Swinburne. "Hopkins is here, that may all that destiny." Is it my imagination, or do I detect a rather remarkable fading of this bright morning-glory of English poetry? Could it be because of a fundamental lack of verity in the poetry of Hopkins? Could it be for want of a little more manure, as Edgar Lee Masters said of Shelley? For verity, along with insight and inevitability, is one of the absolute requisites that must go to form the divine trinity essential to all great poetry. With the later Yeats--well, with Yeats the matter was different. Sailing to Byzantium remains one of the rewarding memories of my earlier years of teaching.

In the same college course which omitted mention of Melville, the professor, an elderly, gentle, polished Augustan, once remarked with characteristic charm: "My friends have told me that there should be an affinity between Henry James and myself; but, to speak candidly, I find the gentleman too old-fashioned; too divorced from life in the broad and therefore the only significant sense; too provincial. There are times when he writes in a manner for which there is no excuse whatsoever." This was in 1918, thirty years ago. Today the James cult is steaming ahead; where will it be ten years from now? And gentlemen who could hardly be called Augustan are down in the stoke-hold of this steamship, shoveling valiantly to keep up the pressure in the boilers, while others cluster around the man at the wheel, urging him to keep his course straight--precisely whether?

When I first began to teach, back in the early 1920's, I discovered that my training had left me at something of a disadvantage. I had been taught to like and respect Browning and Tennyson. But during these same 1920's Tennyson was the lowest form of animal life; the anti-Tennyson cult had done deadly work. With Browning, the case was a little different--it seems that Browning was an early psychologist. No one, to be sure, was willing to call him a master of that recondite science; he did not know Freud or Watson, but his intentions were honorable. He was deep and he was obscure--at least he was obscure, and had therefore a magnificent asset with which to compete as best he could with his twentieth-century fellow-poets, who were naturally vastly superior. And there were Browning Clubs all over the land--a fine example, by the way, of an earlier cult of literature--and they did more harm than good; but that is why teachers were born. (The conception of the teacher as some sort of glorified intellectual street-cleaner following a few years behind the parade of humanity will never die). In the later 1930's I finally began to see a change--Tennyson's feebly fluttering pulse was becoming stronger;

Browning's superb fanfares on the slug-horn were being flatted. The attitude toward both, however, remained somewhat condescending.

And then there were H.L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and Theodore Dreiser. Mencken was the idol among the intellectuals of my classes in the 1920's; young men attempted to imitate him in their freshman themes, with lamentable results; and young women imagined themselves as Mencken's soul-mates in range all the way from Plato to the Wife of Bath. Mencken, in addition to cuffing about the boobies, as he called it, was preaching the virtues of two rather strange bed-fellows, Theodore Dreiser and Friedrich Nietzsche, and had been fighting a valiant front-line action in defence of Dreiser's novels. All the while Sinclair Lewis was flying around our heads buzzing out his mordant, brilliant rhapsodies of people and scenes that made him impatient, and it may be said that he, like Mencken, was easily made impatient. Mencken and Lewis are today--what they are; left behind in the rush of the years. Dreiser remains a landmark, but for how long? Nietzsche is still made much of in philosophy courses, but I know of no superfluous knowledge, among even the more able undergraduates, of Beyond Good and Evil and Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Then there was the case of James Joyce. Here was, apparently, the greatest mind in the whole range of the English novel. "Notice his scope of linguistic interest, his uncanny insight into human character and man's mental processes. By the way, have you read Proust? See how we have freed ourselves from the shackles of pedestrian conventionality which was the only product of the nineteenth century, with its rhetoric, its sentimentality, its ultra-conservative treatment of men and women alive and laboring! And yet we cannot legally buy a copy of Ulysses in this country! What Pecksniffery! Here is the book which should be every writer's Bible!" The Joyce cult worked long and hard and effectively, and the natural consequence was a focussing of attention upon an undoubtedly influential figure in the literary world of our times. When the ban on Ulysses was raised, there was exultation among Joyceans all the way

from Eastport to San Diego and from Key West to Bremerton. Considering the solid worth of Ulysses, ^{we} ~~there~~ realize now that the lifting of this stupid ban was inevitable, of course; how much the Joyce cult had to do with it, by hastening the inevitable end, remains problematical, though I think there is no doubt that it helped. But then came Finnegans Wake, and the anti-Joyce cult, or the anti-cult of Joyce, as I prefer to call it, lying dormant as it had been for years, suddenly leaped into white-hot and compelling action. The ultimate result we shall see later; but in the meantime there is great talk now about the perversity of Joyce, his brilliant incomprehensibility, his breaking down of communication, and other objurgative shafts. Now we can while away our spare moments between rounds in the Palace of Art by speculating upon what will happen to the reputations of some of those influenced strongly by Joyce and all the object of worship by cults--Virginia Woolf, Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner. Tarry but a while; you may be surprised.

There are many, many more of these modern instances and some not so modern which throng through my recollections, but for which there is no time tonight. How many today read Borrow, De Morgan, Gissing, Max Beerbohm? Where now is Walter Savage Landor? Or Mrs. Humphrey Ward, a cause célèbre of the 1880's? Or O. Henry? What is to happen to P.H. Lawrence, that tortured man of talent, who a quarter of a century ago was de rigueur. Consider the peculiar fortune of F. Scott Fitzgerald--a sky-rocket in the early 1920's, a wet stick in the 1930's, but dried, seasoned, and kindled once more into moderate flame in the 1940's.

For it is undoubtedly true that every strong and vital artist will draw to himself admirers who will defend him against his inevitable detractors, themselves supporters of a rival artist of importance. This is all as it should be; it is true of all the arts and sciences. Every student of musical history has heard of the collisions between the adherents of Brahms and Tchaikowsky, of Gounod and Franck, of Bruckner and Strauss, of Mendelssohn and Schumann, of Liszt and Rubinstein; in

in the present day it is Copland versus Barber, Stravinsky versus Schoenberg, Shostakovich versus Prokofiev. In art-circles there is a perpetually strong tendency toward the parti pris; and only last week I saw in the public prints that a young man shot an old man in an argument over the respective merits of Pavlova and Martha Graham. I once heard a most contumelious dispute at a meeting of the American Medical Association between representatives of two different cults of sinus-surgery. And as for lawyers-- so much for some of my own experiences; I now turn over the collecting of examples to you.

* * *

Healthy admiration and well-founded dislike make for normal criticism. There is nothing inherently wrong with a cult in itself--it is the most natural thing in the world--but human nature being what it is, there is grave danger in what a cult can do.

What I object to, for example, is the attitude that every bar of music conducted by Toscanini is automatically a masterpiece of interpretation. We should all be entitled to the right to dislike some of his interpretation as too cold or too mechanical or too sentimental. I have heard him too cold or too mechanical or too sentimental more than once, and I feel that I should have the privilege of saying so if I want to, without impugning my musical taste and judgment. I object to the statement that In Memoriam is "a bad poem" because it does not follow the same patterns of imagery in the same way as some so-called model poem which follows the pattern set by a work of Hopkins. There is neither sense nor justice in applying the standards of one poet arbitrarily to the standards of another. I object to the assumption that Heifetz or Horowitz can do no wrong. I have heard Heifetz play a whole piece off-key, incredible as that may seem, and I have heard Horowitz when he seemed to be competing with a boiler-factory. I object to the insistence that Goya in his composition never drew a false line. I think he drew many. I object

to the airy axioms that the styles of Conrad or Stevenson are impeccable models of polished prose composition. To me these writers are often examples of atrocious affectation. And I reserve the right to think and say these heresies against the cult and to make up my own judgment about the men I have just named. I believe that all of them were and are great artists, but they are also as other men, compounded of both divinity and mortality.

Again, I object to the bland assumption that all readers of Kubla Khan or The Ancient Mariner have for a whole century and a half failed to see the right answer in Coleridge's symbolism, because only one particular cult of the symbol in poetry can now, through its obviously superior power of penetration, come to the truth which has eluded us all for one hundred and fifty years. Especially do I object, I might add, when the representatives of that cult slip up on facts. And all I would say to that at this time is that it is very curious indeed that the entire nineteenth century--a century of great enlightenment and one to whom the symbol in poetry was not precisely unfamiliar--should have missed the point so completely. There is arrogance plus in this attitude--truly the biggest of all the gilded butterflies. Finally, lest my objections outweigh my blessings, I object to the indefensible attitude that college teachers have failed thus far to teach literature because they have been able to impart only facts, to repeat all-digested statements of antiquity and tell old tales, to compile bibliographies and discover etymologies, to "settle the doctrine of the enditic -de, dead from the waist down, to grub in research while the divine word passes them by. Well, some of us are guilty, but they are few. In doing all these things this cult says we do, we have accomplished great things in our lifetimes, and our work will never end. To condemn us by and large for performing these absolutely vital tasks and to assume that the cult of XYZ alone has the pass-word to Paradise, is worse than arrogance:

it is insolence. The fact that the members of this cult are often themselves teachers, present or erstwhile, only means that they are fouling their own nests. The great gilded butterfly has been metamorphosed into a poor rogue.

I repeat that it is strange that the symbolism on Coleridge should have had to wait so long for true comprehension. Perhaps Coleridge is to be classed, then, with Schubert, whose C-Major Symphony had to wait a generation, and whose Fifth Symphony had to wait a half-century, before they were given fitting recognition. It is indeed peculiar that Melville had to wait nearly three-quarters of a century after Moby Dick and Pierre to receive the accolade. Were these all examples of perverse blindness of perception by the whole world? Perhaps so, though it is difficult to accuse a whole century of sheer blindness. Were these only instances of ineffective writing or composing in the first place? We know that is not the answer. Or were these examples of truth overwhelmed by cults until the anti-cults could raise them to their proper position? There, I submit, lies the real reason.

I am inclined to think that cultism did the damage to Melville and Schubert while they were alive, in the sense that active cults were pushing the causes of other writers and composers who happened to appeal better to the age. That is tragically unfortunate for the artists who suffered; but, as the world wags, it is the sacrifice exacted of them. The essential truth remains, of course, that the poems by Coleridge or Hopkins, the novels by Melville, the symphonies by Schubert and Mahler, and the paintings by Pictores ~~ignot~~ were there all the time. They were saying what they had to say all the time. No excessive praise and no unjust detracting could impair their virtues or improve their vices. What can the cult of Sir Walter Scott, formerly "the Wizard of the North", do for him now more than he must do for himself? Tennyson and Browning and Milton and Wordsworth and Shelley are great enough

to withstand attacks; their weaknesses and faults can be admitted without altering the fact of their greatness. Can we ever say: "The cult giveth and the cult taketh away; blessed be the name of the cult"? Never, I trust; and it will be your business as teachers and servers of mankind to see that such a blasphemy can never be spoken without making the speaker an egregious ass unpollied. That remains a fundamental obligation in your profession--to see all works of art with steadiness, sincerity, and integrity, to form your own opinions based on your best and most honest judgment, and never to be swept into either the parade of triumph or the mob-onset of condemnation.

Such a fundamentally enlightened attitude will entail some sacrifices on your part. It will mean primarily a sacrifice of your intellectual ease and comfort, because it is much simpler to accept Eliot as the divine bard of our times than to inveigh against his obscurantism and his derivativeness while conceding his power and insight, or to condescend to Booth Tarkington as an inhibited Victorian while admitting him as a good story-teller. Who knows? There may be a Booth Tarkington cult in another generation or so; perhaps Katherine Mansfield will be revived to flash fitfully anew. And an independent attitude such as I have described will very likely mean also a sacrifice of your reputation among a few of your zealous missionary friends and companions who are preaching the gospel of cults like those of the seventeenth-century mystics or Mr. Alexander Pope or Oscar Wilde or W.H. Auden. But never mind that; make your own judgments about Tarkington and Traherne and Pope and Wilde and Auden; change your opinions about them later, if you must; but do not be bludgeoned into changing them.

Yes, there will undoubtedly be sacrifices on your part. And here, after a long and circuitous rambling, for which I ask forgiveness, as you asked me for blessing, I return to Shakespeare, that safest of havens, and the closing lines of Lear in the passage with which I began my

a: scourse:

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense...